

# McCLURE'S

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of Henry Ford

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Signed by C. E. Snodgrass, major and chief-quartermaster, Early's division, approved by J. A. Early, major general in command. Signed June 28, 1863.

Our Committee could not furnish all the money and supplies out of hand and General Early said that he was willing to wait a reasonable time. He set up his headquarters in the Sheriff's office. Our sub-committee set out to canvass the town for money and goods to fill the order. The General had specified United States money but we argued that he should take Confederate money, a dollar of which was worth about 10 cents in Federal money—for we soon found that we could not raise as much as \$100,000 in cash. We compromised on

\$28,610, as finally collected, in Federal legal tender, and about its equivalent in merchandise. We gave him a due bill for the balance, which, of course, was never collected. The Committee gave receipts for the contributions and these later were assumed by the Borough and paid off out of the proceeds of a special tax.

The money was not so easily gathered, although by Monday we had made very fair progress. General Early was not satisfied and threatened to burn the Northern Central Railway property and the shops adjoining in which cars were being built for the Government. I was, however, told personally there was no danger of the threat being carried out. Samuel Small, David Small, and

myself tried to convince him that this act would be a violation of the agreement. In the midst of this discussion came a dispatch from General Ewell to General Early stating that troops were concentrating near Gettysburg where they expected to make a stand, and he was ordered to join them, General Gordon's advance having been recalled from Wrightsville. He issued orders at once, and by five o'clock the next morning the last of the Confederates were out of York and on their way to join Lee at Gettysburg.

They had scrupulously kept to their agreement and York was unharmed. I followed on to the battle of Gettysburg as a member of the Hospital Service—and of which more later.

## “Captured” by Lincoln

When I returned from that great battle, thankful as we all were, that the Confederates had been turned back and expecting to share that joy, I had no sooner passed into the town than I noticed people pointing at me and jeering, calling me rebel. At first I could not make out what it was all about. Then I learned that after the news of Lee's defeat had reached town the pinchbeck patriots had crawled out of their holes and decided that our Committee, instead of saving the town had sold it to the Confederates and that I, as the man who had opened the negotiations, was something near to being a traitor! I shall never forget those days, being pointed out as “the man who had sold York” to the Rebels, instead of one of those who had saved it. The accusation was ridiculous and unjust but my indignation knew no bounds. I knew that I had helped save the city from possible ruin, not sold it. I determined to put the case before one whom I knew would be just—the President.

I went to Washington, talked over the whole matter with the President's secretary, young John Hay—later our great Secretary of State—and whom I knew personally. He declared that I had done exactly right and deserved public commendation.

He tried to persuade me not to insist on seeing the President, who he said was overworked and very much worried, but on second thought told me that the President would leave the front door of the White House at half-past four to go to the War Department to meet some officers; that I could walk with him without taking up any of his time.

I took up my position on the front portico of the White House which, I noticed, particularly needed paint. There were no guards nor soldiers about and no flunkys or attendants. Several generals passed to and fro while I was there, but there was

nothing to prevent any one from going by the East Room to the President's office. Exactly at half-past four the President came out.

Since I had seen him at his first inauguration his face had grown sadder but his eyes even more kindly. And he had taken on a kind of simple, majestic dignity that seemed more of the soul than of the person—a dignity and a majesty that one felt rather than saw. No painting, no statue, no attempt at re-creation of him on the stage, has ever given even a suggestion of this surrounding quality, of this atmosphere that came from him and lifted him away from the rut of ordinary mortals. I was almost overcome with a feeling of reverence at the sight of him. He remarked as we shook hands:

“Well, sonny, what are you after?”

He did not smile, but he took my hand in his great, strong palm, placed the other on my shoulder, and looked down into my face. And then I told, or maybe I blurted out, my whole story. He said nothing at all, and, when I had finished, he started on his way. I fell in beside him answering his inquiring look with:

“I am going with you; I want your advice, and to know what you think of their action.”

### My Walk with Lincoln

Thus we walked together although it took two of my steps to match his stride. He shambled just a little as might a man who is not wholly conscious that he has a body, but I remember that he was very clean and so was his clothing, although it hung loose and ill-fitting about him. He wore a soft, black, slouch hat. Some pictures give the idea that Lincoln was ungainly. His hands and his feet were large but not ungainly; not a motion was ungraceful. Great and strong and rugged, he was—with the greatness and strength and ruggedness of the glorious live oak.

As we walked he asked me questions: Was I married? Did I have any children? Had I a business in York? What kind was it? Was it prosperous?

And thus we walked up the steps to the War Department Building and through to a room where were already together the Secretary of War Stanton and perhaps half a dozen Generals. Stanton was personally known to me, my cousin, James Lowell, being his private secretary. I had met him several times. The President, giving my hand a squeeze, brought me before the Secretary as he said:

“Stanton, I have captured that young chap who sold York, Pennsylvania, to the Rebels. What are we going to do with him?”

Although President Lincoln's voice, as he asked Secretary Stanton what he should do with me, gave no evidence that he was not asking a serious question and expecting a serious answer, I felt, nervous as I was, that he had already given his decision and I was not surprised when the Secretary answered just as gravely:

“We ought to promote him.”

And then he went on to say that by my action some millions of dollars' worth of property probably had been saved at a trifling cost and that I deserved very high commendation. The President nodded at this, and, turning to me, said:

“You were wise not to neglect an opportunity to be of service. Opportunity does not knock at a man's door every day. The mistake you made was in worrying yourself over what people say about you. You should go through life doing what you believe to be right and not bother yourself over what people may say. They will soon forget their criticisms.”

“The place for you,” he continued, “is in the army. It's a place I would love to take myself. I will follow you up and see that you get a chance for



promotion. The mustering officer is right here."

I told him that the situation at home with my family and my business would make it all but impossible for me to enter the army unless we were in an actual emergency. As things were, I felt that I could be of more service at home. I told him that I had served with the emergency men at Gettysburg, and had furnished a substitute.

He smiled gently as he answered:

"Being married is no excuse. But you may be contributing your mite and that is all any of us can do."

"I wish my mite could be spelled m-i-g-h-t," I answered.

"Might is made up of mites — so what is the difference?" he replied. "Our aim in life should be to leave the world a mite better than we found it, and the only way we can do that is to contribute a little every day. You can go home and tell them what I have said to you; tell them that you have my thanks and the thanks of the Government."

With that I went back home and never again heard about having "sold York."

The next time I saw him was just before the marvelous Gettysburg speech. A small party of us drove up to Gettysburg early in the morning and just as Lincoln was mounting his horse from Lawyer Will's home, where he stopt, to ride up to Cemetery Hill, I had a chance to shake hands with him. He remembered me and spoke a half-joking word or two.

He had become graver than when I had seen him in Washington. The terrific strain that he had been under showed in the deepening lines in his face and the abyss of sadness in his eyes. Time has idealized the President. For me he never needed idealization. But those who know the days or the Civil War only from books can have but little realization of the tense political struggles that were taking place in the North — of the personal opposition to the President on the part of the extreme Abolitionists on the one hand and the Copperheads on the other, and of the movement led by Horace Greeley among others, to force him out. They wanted to displace Lincoln with someone whose sole thought would be the abolishing of slavery rather than the saving of the Union.

**T**HE Gettysburg and Vicksburg victories immensely helped the President, but they by no means silenced all the virulent attacks against him. There was not a general "Stand behind the President" in those days.

I stood very near to the speaker's stand. Edward Everett made an oration. It was eloquent but it was long, and the President, as he sat there, looked very, very weary. Then the time came for him to move to the rustic platform where he was to speak. The place is marked now by a monument, on which is inscribed his great address. He rose slowly and, as he

took his place in the center of the platform drew from his waistcoat pocket what appeared to me to be a small, discolored leaf torn from a memorandum book, and, glancing at it now and then, delivered slowly, clearly, dwelling on each phrase as though he were pronouncing a benediction, these words:

#### Lincoln at Gettysburg

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

It was over so quickly; it was so direct, so simple, so forceful, that practically none of those in the audience seemed to realize that they had just heard the most glorious joining of word and thought that has ever come from mortal man — that we had been given the opportunity to hear the whole philosophy and spirit and courage and reason for the United States being put into the compass of the Lord's Prayer — that the words we had heard would be to-day in every truly American home and office in the land; and that no one hunting for a definition for that new word "Americanism" need go beyond those sentences. Perhaps it was because I knew and venerated Lincoln that I was more deeply impressed than by any words that I had ever heard uttered during my lifetime. Turning to those with me, I said: "When this battle becomes a misty memory those words will be remembered" — which was received with a doubtful smile.

Edward Everett, turning to the President, and either because he was courteous or because the address had moved him, or because of both, said in my hearing:

"Mr. President, you have made a great speech. My address will only be remembered because it was made on the same day."

The President answered: "The audience does not seem to agree with you."

The audience certainly did not. They did not really know what they had heard. When a great thing happens, those who are there rarely have any notion of the greatness. The *Tribune* said that the President had "made a few remarks" and a Harrisburg paper, published the next morning, spoke sneeringly of it as being unworthy of a President. At an agricultural meeting at Elkton, Md. about a year later, I spoke to Horace Greeley about this and he gruffly answered:

"One of the many times we were damn fools," and I told him I forgave him.

I heard the President's inaugural in the following year, and that was the last time I saw him alive. By the time of Lincoln's second inauguration his position had become more permanent. The personal opposition to him was negligible. But it was not until April 15, 1865, with the war ended, and Abraham Lincoln suddenly dead, that the country began to know what it had had and what it had lost in the way of a man. We feel a good deal the same way about Theodore Roosevelt, another great, clean, courageous American. The world seems a lonesome place since he has gone. It is a great country that can produce such men.

**N**OW let us go back a little — back to the day when the Confederates left York on the summons of Lee to help him check Meade. We knew that a great battle was impending. In a little while we learned that it had begun on the hills about Gettysburg. I was always interested in hospital practice and the best way that I knew of to be of help was in the Hospital Corps. I drove up to Gettysburg in my buggy, being enabled to pass through the Confederate lines by using the passes given me by Generals Gordon and Early some days before. On the second day of the battle I entered that part of the Union lines which was in command of General Kilpatrick. Having been seen coming out of the Confederate lines, I was arrested, but fortunately, as I seldom go anywhere without meeting someone I know, a soldier who knew me told the officer by whom I had been arrested that I was all right. The officer said: "Then you would better see General Kilpatrick mighty quick. He is just about fifty yards away. You run for him and I will follow." I jumped out of my buggy and started for the General, the officer closely following. After saluting, my officer friend told the General my mission, and upon



hearing my reason for being there and how I got there, and remarking gruffly: "If you are an imposter, you are more dangerous than Jeff Davis." I was not only released, but permitted to join his division in the Medical Corps.

It was evening. During the night General Kilpatrick threw himself on the ground, saying, "I am going to get an hour or two's sleep; wake me up when I am wanted." I needed sleep badly, too, and laid down by him with my head across his knees. He asked, "What in the — — — are you doing?" I told him nobody was going to take the trouble to wake me up, but when they woke him I would be on hand for any emergency. We were at once fast asleep. It seemed but a few moments afterwards, altho it might have been several hours, that the Louisiana Tigers made their attack. My horse and buggy were taken to care for the wounded, and altho Major Van Voorhees gave me a receipt for them, I have never seen them since. Capt. H. B. Blood, Assistant Quartermaster, wrote me after the battle that he had found the wreck of a buggy with some papers

under the seat showing that it had belonged to me.

The best makeshift for a hospital I could find was a big shed with a hay loft above and there the wounded stretched out on the ground side by side. As the surgeons were engaged elsewhere and there seemed to be no one in command, I took charge my-

self. We could do but little for the poor fellows except give them water and make their lot perhaps a little easier until they died or came under a doctor's care. While we were caring for the wounded soldiers, a number of cavalymen rode up and began to throw some hay down from the loft above, which scattered dust upon the wounded, and I caused them to stop.

About 2 o'clock of the afternoon of the next day there commenced a tremendous cannonade of some three hundred guns in one great battery to clear the way for a charge on which the Confederates were to stake their all. They did not have enough ammunition, I learned afterwards. Anyway, the cannonade ceased and then began a terrific din — the rattle of small arms, shouts, yells, orders — for Pickett and his men were making their famous charge up Cemetery Hill. I saw the men rushing forward and dropping, wave after wave, each wave gaining a few rods over the last. Then they stopped and seemed to clutch, as does a drowning man at a stick, and went down. The battle of Gettysburg was won.

## A Charm

by

Christopher Morley

O wood, burn bright; O flame, be quick;  
O smoke, draw cleanly up the flue —  
My lady chose your every brick  
And set her eager heart on you.

Logs cannot burn, nor tea be sweet,  
Nor white bread turn to crispy toast  
Until the spell be made complete  
By love, to lay the sooty ghost.

And then, dear books, dear waiting chairs,  
Dear china and mahogany,  
Draw close, for on the happy stairs  
My brown-eyed girl comes down for tea.

## The Soviet in Ward Eleven

(Continued from page 58)

Perhaps he was already communing with his beloved lieutenant in that last place where all brave soldiers finally meet.

The whole ward was now soon committed to the plot and a plan was quickly outlined. In addition to being a means of showing their resentment the project offered new and delightful possibilities of excitement in a place where excitements were strictly taboo.

The night passed without incident. The early morning routine went on as usual, then, when the bugle sounded for inspection, the plan went into action. Nurse Brown stepped into the orderly room. As she did so the walking case who had been assigned to this particular bit of work followed and turned the key. The doors at either end of the ward were locked, and chairs and all other movables piled against them. Then every man went to his bed and Ward Eleven waited in breathless suspense. Exactly at ten o'clock some one tried the doors at the lower end of the ward, tried them again, then thumped on them.

"Open up there!" came a peremptory voice.

"Not to-day," shouted Red.

The listeners thrilled with delight, then waited.

They heard Nurse Brown try the door of the orderly room, heard some one go along the building and try the doors at the farther end. Then silence settled down thick and heavy.

"Ah's afeered somepin's goin' to happen," came the negro's troubled voice, after perceptible minutes had gone by.

"I'm afraid nothin's goin' to happen," stated another voice peevishly.

"Well, I guess that thar gringo maybe has some idee what we think of him, anyway," volunteered Red hopefully.

Suddenly the Top sat straight up in bed and swept his eyes up and down the ward. "Say," he began, "this here's all wrong, this here's *all* wrong! We're a parcel of damn fools, an' worse'n that we ain't actin' like Americans. We're actin' like them fool Russians. What business have we to go 'gainst the g'vernment just because one damn fool made us mad? Where'd we all been if we'd got sore at some raw shave-tail who didn't know no better when he give a fool order, 'stead of helpin' him out by obeyin' it? Let 'em take off my arm if they want, an' the other one, too! I guess I'm man enough to obey orders. *Open them there doors!*" he concluded, the lash of a command in his voice, "Open 'em damn quick, too!"

and the Top lay back, white-faced but with burning eyes.

Swiftly the barricade of chairs that had been raised disappeared. The key that locked the orderly room was turned. The doors were pulled open and, as those at the lower end of the ward swung ajar, an over-plump officer rose from where he had been sitting on a camp stool. He rose and looked into the ward, but for a full minute he did not enter. Then, slowly, he stepped inside, stood looking up and down the rows of narrow beds.

"Tention!" snapped the Top, then added beneath his breath, "Major Wells! An' nurse said they'd transferred him!"

The major came slowly up between the beds — and he had not given the command to relax.

He stopped by the Top and once more his eyes swept over the wounded soldiers.

"At ease!" he said finally, his face stern, and then he added, a twinkle coming into his eyes, "You're a fine bunch of damn fools."

Louder than when the doctor of the day before had insulted the Top, but with a different, oh, such a different tone, a Homeric roar of laughter filled Ward Eleven and rolled from the windows to the sun-scorched world outside.

